

POETRY.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we only knew in the early morn,
What we know each close of day,
If we only knew of the battles fierce
That must wage by the way...

SELECT STORY.

THE CASES WILL ALTER.

The bright sunshine made a golden
mirror of the merry dancing brook,
and transformed with silver gleams the maple
leaves that spread a canopy of green over
the farm house on the hill side.

You shall not marry that sketching fellow,
and that you shall marry Ebenezer Flint.
Do you hear me?
"Ye, father, I hear you."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Preston,"
said Mrs. Greenleaf, extending her hand,
with a welcoming smile. "But, I fear
you don't tell me you got into trouble, do
you? Didn't you wish for Ebenezer
'bout that time?"

"Becky," said the farmer, "this young
man is Harry Preston, and I tell you he's
his powerful right of help to me.
Now, wife, don't go to saying 'I told you
so,' for that always makes a man out
of sorts. You was right for once, anyhow.
Where's Jennie?"

"I don't know whether she is or not,"
snapped Mrs. Greenleaf, "and what is
more, I don't care! Snakes! Land alive,
there is something worse nor snakes after
our Jennie, or I'm mistaken."

"Why, father, what has Rover done
that you should treat him so cruelly?"
questioned Jennie, her eyes sparkling with
mischief. "I do believe that you are
angry at something or somebody."

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"HER AIR COUNTRY."

What Called the Lonely Scotch Lassie
Home.

She was just a little Scotch lassie.
A timid, sweet-faced little creature, with
an aureole of tawny hair to frame her shy
face.

"I do not want to feel under obligations
to me, Mr. Greenleaf, but you said
that I could see any favor of you, and it
should be granted," said Harry, with an
arch smile. "I know that it is hardly
gentlemanly in me, but 'tis fair in love
or war; I'll take my chance."

It is amusing to the people who know
Australia and the aborigines, says an old
Australian writing in the St. Louis Globe-
Democrat, to read in magazines and
newspapers scientific dissertations on the
construction and peculiarities of the
boomerang, based, as I suppose, on the
sales of an exhibition of his work.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll is a great stay-at-
home, and he and his wife are like a pair
of turtle doves. They are, in fact, Darby
and Joan over again. During his stay
here it leaked out that he sent and
received a telegram every day, and that
these missives over the wires were tender
inquiries between husband and wife.

The paradise of old horses must be at
St. Petersburg, where a lover of horse-
flesh has established an asylum for worn-
out steeds. The poor old animals are
tenderly cared for until their death, and
allowed to work a little to keep them in
health. One, for instance, drags a
empty cart around the paddock for a
short time each day. The veteran of the
establishment is thirty years old and can
scarcely move. Tufts of white hair grow
about his head, while he has no teeth,
and can only live on mash.

Simply apply "SWANNE'S OINTMENT."
No internal medicine required. Cures
tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the
face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin
clear, white and healthy. It gets heat-
ing and curative powers are possessed by
no other remedy. Ask your druggist
for SWANNE'S OINTMENT.

QUEEN OF BEASTS.

The lion is not the "king of beasts."
The Bengal tiger beats him every time in
a fight. One such combat occurred re-
cently at the Calcutta (India) Zoo between
an African lioness and a tigress. They
were exhibited in adjoining compartments
of the same cage, and the door having
been carelessly opened between the two
compartments, the tigress rushed in and
disposed of her rival in a fight which
lasted ten minutes.

"I am going back to my air country when
I can save 'em' to take me there!" Her
sunt's illness had used up all her little
savings. So she worked on, patiently, quietly,
always talking of that home of hers, in
the far away country, working stiving
ever to reach it. They all loved the girl,
these kind neighbors of hers, and it
pained them to see her fading away from
them. They helped her all she would
permit them, but she was strangely in-
dependent, and liked best to be left alone
the little while she had out of the mill.

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